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TENNISON'S NEW POEM.

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And dawns the red-plum'd hills
With loving blue.
The blackbirds have their will,
The thrushes too.
Open a door in heaven;
From skies of glass,
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greenest grass,
And o'er the mountain walls
Young angels pass.
Before them fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shroud the level lands,
And flash the floods,
The stars are from their hands
Flung thus the words:
The woods by living airs
How freshly scented,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sleep,
Heard by his sleep,
Oh, fellow, leaping blood,
The season here,
Oh, heart, look down and up,
Serenes, serene,
Warm as the crimson-rose,
Like the snow-drops, pale,
Past, future, present and fade
Thro' some slight slip,
Some gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue hill,
And sympathies, how frail,
Is sound and small.
Till at thy chucked nose,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And lightly stir'd,
Ring little bells of change,
From word to word.
For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And dawns the red-plum'd hills
With loving blue.
The blackbirds have their will,
The thrushes too.
—*YOUTH'S COMPASSION.*

MARY'S LOVE ROMANCE.

In the drawing-room at Heathcot, in the gray September twilight, Mary Meredith and Felix Trafford sat engaged in earnest conversation.
"I really cannot see any cause for your despair, dear Felix. Have I not told you how dearly I love you? No power on earth shall ever force me to break my pledged troth to you. Have you no confidence in me?"
"All confidence, Mary; I know you will be true to me."
"Then what is it you fear?"
"Everything. You are young and beautiful, the rich Mr. Meredith's only child, while I am a poor clerk in the house of Meredith, Brothers, with nothing but a unimpaired reputation, some brains and a good right hand to help me through the world."
"So much the better, then, that I am the daughter of the rich Mr. Meredith. Dear Felix, peace esteems you, and has implicit confidence in your honor. He invites you here, and allows our acquaintance. Why do you annoy your self about imaginary troubles?"
"Your father trusts me and I must be true to him, you and myself. I will go to him and frankly confess our attachment. I should feel miserable otherwise."
"Go now; he is in his study."
Felix caught the girl in his arms and kissed her rosy lips.
"Your confidence inspires me with hope," he said, and went away on his mission. Tapping at Mr. Meredith's study door, and receiving permission to enter, Felix approached the old gentleman, who gave him his hand, saying:
"Why, boy, you are an unexpected visitor. No bad news I hope?"
"No, sir; but I want to ask of you a gift as precious that I have very little hope of obtaining it."
"Well, name it. I am always glad to favor you if I can."
Felix was greatly agitated, but summoned up all his courage and said:
"Mr. Meredith, I love your daughter. I do not, however, ask you to give her to me now. Only let me hope that when I prove to you —"
Mr. Meredith leaned back in his chair, amazed. It had never occurred to him that this young clerk would dare to lift his eyes to his daughter.
"You are an ungrateful, treacherous scoundrel!" he cried. "Out of compassion for your friendlessness I admitted you to my house and my daughter's society, and you, villain that you are, have taken the opportunity to steal into her confidence and win her inexperienced heart. Begone, sir, and never let me see your face again!"
"Listen to me one moment, Mr. Meredith."
"Not one second!" cried the old man, as he violently brought down his clenched fist upon the table. "Leave the house instantly or the servants shall thrust you out." And as if to put his threat into execution he fiercely rang the bell.
As Felix staggered along the passage, his heart so oppressed with contending emotions that he was scarcely conscious of anything, he met Mary, who, alarmed at the violent ringing of the bell, was rushing to her father's study. Felix wildly threw his arms about her, kissing her again and again. Then he tore himself away and rushed from the house.
Mary never knew what occurred at that terrible interview. Mr. Meredith was dead to all her entreaties and her lower had disappeared. The poor girl was stricken with brain fever, and for weeks her life hung in the balance. Repentance came too late to the unhappy father, for although sought for far and near Felix could not be found. At length youth and a good constitution brought back health to the heart-broken girl. But alas! the blooming young Hebe of seventeen summers was no more. In her place a tall, pale girl appeared, but with a beauty that even the most fastidious admired. The golden brown curls that clustered around her

temples lay in rippling waves upon a brow as pure as snow, and the soft, lustrous hazel eyes were an expression of sadness that told of this heart grief that would be hers forever.
Mr. Meredith traveled with his daughter through all the most attractive parts of Europe for a year. Then, at her request, he took her home. Mary had become a woman, a bright, intelligent, glorious woman, and crowds of admirers worshipped at her feet, but the image of Felix was still as fresh as ever in her heart, and the vows she had exchanged with him were never for a moment forgotten. Therefore, all offers of marriage were at once declined.
Time rolled on, Mary had now reached her twenty-eighth year, and still remained a maiden beneath the paternal roof.
One cold winter evening Mary sat by the glowing fire in her father's drawing-room. Her small white hands were clasped upon her bosom, and her eyes were cast downward until the long lashes lay like golden pencils upon her cheek. Near her, in his great-arm chair, sat Mr. Meredith, with the snows of many winters on his head and his face deeply furrowed by the hand of time. There was an expression of care upon his countenance. He looked troubled and unhappy.
"Mary," said he, continuing a conversation that had been going on between them, "all my life I have made your happiness my constant study and have given you a luxurious home. Now you are advancing in years and I shall ere long be separated from you by death. How can I leave you alone in this cold world? A home is now open to you and you must accept it. It is not because I owe this man a very large sum that I insist upon this marriage, although if you refuse him I will be sunk into the most abject poverty, for I would rather endure all the misery of the situation than risk your well-being; but I know you will be happy with Mr. Ambrose for a husband. He is good and kind as well as very rich."
"Rich in what, father?"
"The old man started at these words but at length answered:
"In honor and manhood." Mary said no more. "The crisis is now upon me," continued Mr. Meredith. "In a few short days I shall be overwhelmed with misery if you do not rescue me. Mr. Ambrose has asked me for your hand. He has seen you many times and loves you."
"And Mr. Ambrose makes my hand the price of your safety?"
"No, he has not said so; but he is aware of my situation, and knowing it, asks the hand of my child. It seems to me as if God had kept you free to save your old father from ruin. What answer am I to return to Mr. Ambrose?"
"My heart was broken long ago," Mary answered, looking into her father's face. "I will marry this man for your sake, but I must not expect affection, for I have none to give. Tell him this that he may not be deceived."
"I will bring him here to-morrow evening, for he is anxious that the interview shall be over."
Mr. Meredith was relieved, the fear of disgrace was removed from him, and he rejoiced in the prospect of a prosperous marriage for his daughter.
On the following evening Mary again sat by the drawing-room fire. She was alone now and calm, but her face was as pale as Parian marble. The outer door opened, and she heard the sound of heavy footsteps in the hall. Once more the image of Felix rose before her; a cold shiver passed over her and she unbudged tears trembled in her eyes, but by a great effort she subdued her agitation before her father and the man about to buy her with his gold entered the drawing-room. Mary arose and extended her hand; it was as cold as ice, but did not tremble. She glanced at Mr. Ambrose and saw a man of medium height with brilliant dark eyes; a neatly-trimmed beard concealed the lower part of his visage. He greeted her politely, and took a seat. A short time was spent in conversation, but gradually a silence fell upon them which was becoming oppressive, when the visitor broke the spell.
"Miss Meredith," he said, in a soft, low tone, "you are of course aware of the object of my visit here? Pardon me if I speak plainly."
Mary looked up but made no reply. Mr. Ambrose's voice was so kind and gentle that she thought he deserved a wife who could love him.
"Your father has told me you have no love to give me but that you will marry me. I, too, thought I should never love again, but the sight of you has dispelled the illusion. Let me tell you my story. Long years ago I loved a beautiful young girl and she returned my affection. I was then young and did not dream that Fate would crush out my soul's dearest hope. That fair girl was my all, my very life, and I had not a thought of the future separated from her. Her father was a wealthy merchant and I his poor clerk. When I told him I loved his daughter he spurned me from his door and ordered me never to enter it again. Oh, how beside myself can ever know the utter midnight of my blasted hopes! Crushed and broken I died in my despair. In the whirl and excitement of business I strove to forget my sorrows. Fortune singled me out as her especial favorite. My wildest speculations were successful and money accumulated as if by magic. Time alone years passed. I returned to the scene of my unhappiness and saw you. Need I say that all the old love surged up in my heart again? Once more I asked the old merchant for his daughter — the speaker's lips trembled; he extended his arms as he continued: 'and he consents at last, Oh, Mary, will you now be mine?'"
Mary cast herself into her father's out-

stretched arms. After all these years of misery Felix was restored to her!
"Felix Trafford!" gasped the old man as he started to his feet. "Felix Trafford, my old clerk!"
"Yes, sir; the same. Do you retract your promise?"
"No, Felix, no. Take my Mary and forgive her father."
The happy suitor led Mary away to a seat and sat beside her with his arm still encircling her, as if he feared he might lose her again.
"Let us," he said, "forget all the past but its joys and look to the future for what true love can give us. I am now content, and you, my Mary, are now happy in the restoration of your love."
"Ah," she replied in a voice full of deep emotion, "happiness is too poor a word to express my great joy!" — *Evening Call.*
The Captain's Wife at Sea.
Some skippers' wives master the art of navigation. There are a number of instances on record where the wives of Captains who had died or had been lost overboard have taken command and brought their vessels safely into port. A few weeks ago a New Orleans woman, who had learned thoroughly the art of navigation, applied for a license as master of a vessel. This being the first application of the kind from a woman the matter was referred to the Solicitor of the Treasury at Washington and refused. Captains' wives are usually thoroughly conversant with the fore-castles of their respective ships. Jack judges his master's mistress according to the manner in which she treats him. He usually speaks of her as the "Old Woman." This seems her proper title, for her husband is invariably known in the forecastle as the "Old Man." If she treats Jack with kindness and interests himself in having him made comfortable, he changes her title to "Old Lady." But if she is severe on him and puts down the allowance of food, or insists upon other economical reforms, he will not even honor her with the title of "Old Woman." Under such circumstances, she is apt to be ironically spoken of as the "Old Fairy." The female relatives of the Captain usually acquire the same staid habits as his wife, if they accompany him on his voyages. If, however, the solemn monotony of the cabin does not suit them they will manage to secure berths on land. Sometimes the mate or one of the other officers takes his wife to sea with him. Then there is a chance for an occasional gleam of sunshine in the cabin. When all the officers of a ship have their wives along the latter have a much better chance for enjoying themselves; but such instances are rare. The Captain of the coasting steamer who is dressed with several daughters, marries them to his mates and the steward, and if they hold out beyond the latter he bestows the balance on his foremast hands. These floating families are bound together by even stronger ties than are similar ones on shore. Some owners of ships charge Captains for the privilege of taking their families to sea with them. Others think that a prudent wife looks out for the interests of the ship and officer and lodges free. As a rule the Captain who has his wife with him is more humane in the treatment of his men than one who is unaccompanied by a helpmate. Captains who, when single, were great tyrants on shipboard, have, by marrying and taking their wives to sea with them, become noted for their mildness and humanity.
Dying of Thirst.
"Did you ever suffer extreme hunger or thirst?" was asked of a Kentucky colonel who had been relating some solid stories about himself.
"Well," he replied, "I never suffered what might be called extreme hunger, but no man knows how to endure the agonies of thirst better than I do."
"Remember the time well," he continued, retrospectively. "I was on a fishing excursion and became lost in the woods. For three days I did not drop a single drop of water. My lengthened absence finally caused alarm and a party was sent out in search of me. They found me lying in an unconscious condition on the banks of a little trout stream, and it was hours before any hopes of saving me were entertained."
"Was the trout stream dry?" asked one of the interested listeners.
"Dry? Certainly not. How could I catch fish if the stream was dry?"
"Well, I don't see how you could suffer from thirst with a stream of water close at hand."
"Water close at hand?" repeated the Kentucky Colonel. "And what has water got to do with a man's being thirsty?" — *Philadelphia Evening Call.*
A Runner.
A Mr. Welch, of Casco, Me., ran to Oxford, twelve miles away, in two hours recently with his overcoat and cowhide boots on. After running around the square there a few times to show them "how kinky he was," he ran back, not walking a step or resting during his twenty-four mile run. He is a very singular man. He has run from Casco to Lewiston, twenty-one miles, and back several times. He takes a long steady lunge, which he can keep up for hours. One time, when returning from Lewiston, he was overtaken by a man in a sleigh, who asked him to ride. "I'm in a hurry — can't stop to ride," growled Welch. Stung by this insult to his horse, the man whipped up and for ten miles tried in vain to pass this wonderful runner; then the horse gave out, but Welch kept on.
A destructive worm is at work in Texas, which is eating up the grass, roots and all.

MORMON WOMEN.
Their Lives and Conditions in the Land of the Saints.
A poverty-stricken Mormon is frequently the possessor of three or four wives. They all live in a single hut, and the children that are brought into the world are either taught sensuality and an utter disregard of moral law, and the thrifty saints, however, have an establishment for each wife, and can live very comfortably off them. The wives spin, wash, scrub and farm, and in that manner secure enough of the world's goods to keep their lord and master without work. A bishop's wife did the laundry work for his family. "I am compelled to wash for the Gentiles while on earth," she would often say, "but in Heaven they will be servants to me." John Taylor, the President of the Mormon Church, had five wives in 1860, but since the passage of the Edmunds law he has put all but one away. At the last General Conference of the Church he was twitted about his cowardice and told that he should obey God's law rather than man's. The women of Utah are not beautiful. As a class they are very homely. The missionaries who travel in the South succeed in gaining many female converts, but as a rule they get nothing but the worst of the village, who, besides being dull of mind, are homely of face and form. In Europe, however, some very pretty peasant girls are picked up, as soon as they get to Utah, are appropriated by aged saints and worthless bishops. The Church is doing all in its power to get converts. John Morgan, the president of the mission in the South, has made the assertion that he expected to capture 1,700 men and women this year in the South alone.
The converts from this section are sent to Colorado, where large colonies are springing up almost daily. European victims are settled in Idaho, Wyoming, Arizona and New Mexico. In Salt Lake City the Gentiles are to the Mormons as one is to five. The business there is almost entirely in the hands of the Mormons. The municipal government of the city is Mormon. The Mayor, the Common Council, the police force, the city courts and the fire department are all Mormon. The only hospital in the state is sustained by Gentiles. The Mormon poor — and there are many of them — often die in the streets. One tenth of what each Mormon earns or raises upon his farm is given to the Church, ostensibly for the benefit of the poor, but in reality to be divided among the leaders of the Church. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars are collected in this manner annually. A part of that sum is used to corrupt officers of the government and legislators, while the balance goes toward the support of the twelve apostles, the presidents of stakes, the elders of seventies, the patriarchs and the high priests who form what is called the Melchizedek priesthood, and the bishops, deacons and teachers who constitute the Aaronic priesthood. The patriarchs also bless children at \$2 a blessing, and as it is all profit, make money by the transaction. The bishops, deacons and teachers advise the member of the church in temporal affairs; tell them how to hoe their beans, make their frocks and cast their votes. The method I would suggest for the suppression of polygamy is a law compelling the publicity of all marriages hereafter performed in Utah. Let the ceremony be public, and let the records be kept in a public place. As it now is, the saint takes a girl to the endowment house and after a four hours' ceremony is wedded to her. The record of the proceedings is guarded jealously and sworn to secrecy, the penalty of disobedience being disembowelment.
What a Visitor Says.
Lord Coleridge, in a letter from London to Elliott F. Shepard, thus disposes of the report that he was about to write a volume on America:
"To-morrow Mr. Gladstone has asked himself to dine with us and we shall have, I know, a great deal of American talk together. He is very anxious that some one should write a really good authentic book about your people. If only De Tocqueville could be had for the asking, nobody could possibly be better. But they cannot. I, for my part, shrink from attempting anything even so serious as a magazine article, and the only person I can suggest to do it is Goldwin Smith, who is half an American and is a most splendid writer of English. The fact is, my dear Shepard, you and your friends spend me, I said, I saw such very nice people and was so very kindly treated that I am sure my view of America is not complete. There cannot be fifty-five millions of such men and women as I saw; and people here would say that the kindness and generosity of your people had turned my head, or that I had gone out of my mind, to which they perhaps might add, I had not far to go."
How to Make Scandal.—Take a grain of falsehood, a handful of rumour, the name of a noble lady, a long tongue, a piece of the herb backbite, a teaspoonful of don't-you-tell-it, six drops of malice, and a few draughts of envy. Add a little discontent and jealousy, and strain through a bag of misconstruction, cork it up in a bottle of malevolence, and hang it up on a skein of street yarn; keep it in a hot atmosphere; shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the desired result will follow.
It has been remarked that there was one thing about Baron Munchausen that should be set down to his credit, although nobody credits anything he says, and that is, that the Baron never held himself out as a weather prophet.

"DANDY BEN'S" DEVICE.
SUSPECTED AND SEARCHED BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS.
He Took the Number of a Car Apparently for a Reason—Heaters in Disguise to Secure a Hidden Diamond.
An old horse-car conductor, telling a Chicago reporter of his experience with thieves on his cars, mentioned the case of "Dandy Ben," a well-known pick-pocket, whom he had arrested one day when a lady passenger had discovered the loss of a valuable diamond earring. "He was searched," said the conductor, "from the crown of his hat to the sole of his boots, but the diamond was not discovered. It was not on his person. I was best; and when Dandy Ben sarcastically asked me if I was satisfied, I told him I was. 'Well, then, I am not,' he said; 'you will hear from me again.' And, taking a notebook from his pocket, he coolly took down the number of my car and stepped off. The car was again searched for the earring, but in vain, and the unhappy lady who had lost it was inconsolable."
"Was it never found?"
"Yes. One morning, a few days after this event, I was loitering about the car-barn, having a half-hour between trips. The only other person around was the foreman of the barn, and he stood in one of the wide-open doors when a shabby, rusty, dilapidated old tramp came limping along, looking as forlorn and wretched as the last rose of summer. It was a cold morning, and the old fellow sidled up to the door, and then suddenly whisked inside to escape a fiercer gust of wind than usual. With a rather fatigued air he asked the foreman's permission to sit down in one of the cars, where he could rest and be out of the wind for a few minutes. He seemed so harmless and tired and cold that the foreman consented, and the old chap shuffled along into the barn. He passed three or four cars, looking at the number on each, but he finally clambered into one and sat down in a corner. I noticed this, but not with surprise, for I had recognized the man.
"I don't know how I penetrated his disguise so readily, but the minute I laid eyes on that old tramp I knew it was Dandy Ben. He didn't seem to notice me, or if he did, he doubtless thought his disguise was all sufficient. I wondered what new game the rascal was up to now, and concluded to do a little watching on my own hook without interrupting the secret of my discovery to the foreman. I sauntered to and fro for several minutes trying to decide on the best course to pursue to find out the frisker's game; then, all of a sudden, a thought struck me. Without any further hesitation I walked directly and rapidly to the car which the tramp had entered, jerked open the door and stepped inside. While doing this I caught the sound of a hurried movement on the part of the occupant of the car, and by the time I got my eyes on him he was leaning back in his corner feigning sleep. But he had not had time to put out of sight a chisel and a small saw which were partially concealed beneath his coat. The sight of these tools confirmed my suspicion. I caught the rogue by the collar and jerked him out of the corner, at the same time calling out to the foreman, who came to my assistance. In another minute Dandy Ben was our prisoner. And what do you think he had been doing? With his chisel and saw he had been cutting a hole through a panel in the back of the seat directly under the window. I knew instinctively what he was after, and we lost no time in finishing the work he had begun. Groping in the aperture I found what I expected to find—the missing diamond earring. This explained the thief's real object in taking the number of my car that day. He had stolen the diamond out of the woman's ear, but as she missed it before he could leave the car, he knew that his only safe course was to get rid of it. As he had no pal with him he dropped the jewel down the crevice into which the window slides, and when it is lowered, hoping to be able to recover it at some future time. He came very near succeeding, too, but a miss is as good as a mile, they say. I suppose the lady thought so when she got back her diamond."

WEEKED BY OPIUM.
The Pathetic Story of a Victim of the Drug.
"I wish that I knew of some way of breaking myself of taking opiates. I would be willing to go to jail—to do anything, in short, so that I could be placed in confinement until I had a chance to cure myself of this terrible habit. I never shall be able to do so if I am left to myself." These words were addressed to a correspondent by a man giving his name as George Johnson, who acknowledged that he was a confirmed opium eater. His appearance was a startling one. His face had the aspect of a haggard corpse; his eyes were hollow and sunken, but glittered with a half-maniacal fire, while a ragged growth of short black beard and long tangled hair added to his wretched appearance. His clothing was old and dilapidated; a ragged coat was buttoned up to his chin to hide a coarse, dirty shirt, and a straw hat, with a pair of brogan shoes, completed a costume that would answer equally well for a tramp or a footpad. Yet there was an air of refinement that clung to him with all his rags, and his hands, though soiled and hardened, were slender and delicate. "I am a perfect slave to opium," he continued, "and I would hesitate at nothing to procure the drug when the desire for it is on me. I will lie or steal. I heard a friend say once here that if necessary to get morphine, and I wouldn't blame him. I have fallen from a respectable station down to what you see me, and there is no telling how much lower I will get unless I have help. The amount of morphine I can take has not, I suppose, ever been equalled. One time I took ninety grains, and it did not injure me. I think by gradually increasing the dose I could take twice as much without danger. When I can't get enough morphine to do me any good I take crude opium or chloroform. I know you will hardly believe me when I say that in one night I used a pound of chemically pure chloroform by inhalation, yet it is a fact. I have gone for three or four days at a time without eating, in order to buy morphine or opium with the little money I had. I am only twenty-seven, but I began using it when I was but twenty-two. At that time I was a deacon in a Christian church; I never drank, swore or gambled. I was then the owner of a retail drug store in Hickman, where I remained all through the yellow fever epidemic. Out of a population of 1,200 died, among them eight doctors, but I came out of it healthier than ever. When the habit took firm hold on me I commenced going down hill. I lost my property—lost my health, my friends and my self-respect. I believe the knowledge of it hastened my father's death; it has beggared me, estranged the girl to whom I was to be married, and it will ruin my death. It hangs over me like the blackest of nightmares; it has taken possession of my every waking thought, and snarped every dream of night. The horror of my situation has numbed every faculty but that of dread, and every day I grow more keenly alive to my awful condition. I would part with anything, even my mind, and be contented to live the remainder of my life in a maniac's cell, if I could only be cured."

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.
WORDS OF WISDOM FROM PARADISE HALL.
The President Administers a Rebuke to the Members About Quarrelling.
(From the Detroit Free Press.)
During the past week the club has received, at the hands of a prominent South Carolina scientist, a part of the verbiage of a mastodon—one of the playful animals which lived, roamed and died in this country about fifty years before Susan B. Anthony was born. It so happened that Judge Congo and Walk Around Green were the first two members to arrive at the hall at the usual Saturday night meeting, and the relic at once engaged their attention. Judge Congo squinted up his left eye, puckered his mouth and declared that the mastodon who lost this piece of backbone must have been twenty-four feet long, sixteen feet high, and heavy enough to jar the City Hall by rubbing against a corner. Walk Around Green is heavy on poultry statistics and light on mastodons, and it therefore came about that when Windy White, Samuel Rhin and Sir William Tompkins arrived it was to find a terrible struggle going on between the two men, and the back-bone kicking around under the benches. The combatants were separated, but had not got the blood wiped off before Brother Gardner arrived and opened the meeting. When the triangle had sounded and Waydown Beebe had finished his lonesome coughing fit, the President arose and said:
"Gentlemen, human nature is a mighty curious thing. De average man will git mad quicker an' fight harder ober whin he doan' know an' has no chance to fust' on dan for sunthin' he am posted about. What Judge Congo doan' know 'bout mastodons would make a book as big as a one-hoss wagon. Walk Around Green doan' know 'bout de same animal would weigh two tons an' a half. Darfore dey were de werry two men to git up a fight wid ignorance for de basis. 'It has bin so from de beginnin', an' it will be so to de end. Men who know de least 'bout de Bible have de mos' disputes ober it. De biggest ignorances on astronomy an' philosophy hold to deir opinyuns de strongest an' de longest. Prejudice will beat facts nine times outter ten, an' 'bigotry' do de club which knocks down sense an' argment. Judge Congo wouldn't take an inch nor an ounce off de size an' weight of dat mastodon, though he never saw one, nor come widin 3,000 years of it. Walk Around Green wouldn't believe one side of no sich story becase a mastodon hevan't chained up at de doah whar' he he could measure him wid a two-foot rule. Neither would accept nateral history an' scientific research."
"While dar am some mitigatin' circumstances an' excuses fur dis quarrel de sentence of dis Club's am to de effect dat both offenders shall pay a fine of \$3,500 an' costs."
This being the first time that either of the derelicts had been called to the chalk-mark it was expected that they would be dismissed with a reprimand. The sentence, therefore, fell like a heavy weight. Judge Congo rolled his eyes from north to south for a moment and then fell back in a faint, while Brother Green gasped for breath, made an awful effort to smile, and leaned over on the wood-box and cried like a weedy child until the current of his thoughts was changed by some one dropping a cold sidewalk spike down behind his coat-collar.
Sir Isaac Walpole desired to state, before passing the bean-box, that he perfectly agreed with the President in his remarks. There was a time when he himself held that the world was exactly 75,284,324 years and 3 months old and he would have knocked a man down for adding or subtracting two hours to or from these figures. He had got six months' sickness, a broken jaw and thirty days in the cooler for disputing the number of which he was entirely ignorant but firmly "set," and had now ceased the practice. He then went round and the following candidates were elected: Hard Times Smith, Sarasparilla Taylor, Standard Jones, Abraham Scott, Prof. Therefore Black, Trustee Ballock, Caravan Johnson and Old Man Hunk.
A Traitor's Reward.
Alexandre Dumas contributes to the *Curious* an anecdote told him by the late Henri Didier, who was a Deputy under the Second Empire. Didier's father was secretary to the Minister of the Interior at the time when the Duchesse de Berri was arrested at Nantes at the end of her attempt to raise the country against Louis Philippe and in favor of her son, the Comte de Chambord. The traitor Denis agreed to sell to the Government the secret of her hiding-place for 500,000 francs, and it was the elder Didier's duty to pay the scoundrel for his dirty work. He took his son Henri into the office and said: "Look well now at what passes, and never forget. You will learn what a *trache* is, and the method of paying him." Denis was then brought into the room where M. Didier was standing behind his desk, on which were placed two packets, each of which contained 250,000 francs. As Denis neared the desk M. Didier made a sign to him to stop. Then taking a pair of tongs he extended the packets one to the other into the hands open to receive them. Not a word was spoken, and when the transfer was effected M. Didier pointed to the door.
THE OLD BAY STATE.—This year's valuation of the personal and real property of Massachusetts is \$1,731,297,051, an increase of \$47,088 over last year. A new law exempts mortgages on real estate from taxation.

WIT AND WISDOM.
Sam neglects her heart who studies her glass.
I consider that man to be undone who is insensible to shame.
This generous heart should secure a pleasure which gives others pain.
The history of all the world tells us that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.
A machine for pressing hops has recently been invented. America is the home of the hop-pressed.
No action will be considered as blameless unless the will was so, for by the will the act was dictated.
They will do speak ill of themselves, do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.
It is a very bad taste for a wife to growl at her husband for tracking mud into the house, for "what is home without its muddler?"
Wrenk asked what she had for dinner, she replied "cold tongue." And he judged, by her manner, that there would be nothing of it left for supper.
I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is efficiently destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.
A roving pig's sides should not bulge out; it is a sign of over-feeding. If you are a boarding-house keeper, paste this on your dinner plates.
"Losefellow said. 'In the world a man must be either avill or hammer.' He was wrong, however. Lots of men are nothing but bellows."
DARWINIAN theory: There is a boy in Norristown who "sprang from a monkey." The monkey belonged to an organ-grinder and attempted to bite the boy.—*Norristown Herald.*
A NEW YORK man has asked for a divorce because a mistake is sprouting on his wife's lip. As a rule, it makes a man mad to have any mistake on his wife's lip but his own.
Wrenk a wild Western editor advises the girls not to chew gum, but to have a little gum about them, the art of punning reaches a point where it becomes useful as well as ornamental.
The Japanese never wear shoes in the house. This is a great saving of their carpets. But then they have no carpets. So we don't know just what good there is in this no shoe business after all.
This young man who pays \$60 for a suit of clothes is always ready to borrow the money from another man who pays \$20 a suit. There's a moral in this, boys.
SINCERITY is an opening of the heart. We find it in very few people; and that which we generally see is nothing but a subtle dissimulation to attract the confidence of others.
ANENT recent defalcations, an exchange says: "The cry is still that which fell gratefully on the ears of the dying general: 'They run, they run' and if anybody asks, 'Who runs?' like Wolfe, the answer is, 'The secretaries and the cashiers.'"
In going through a tunnel it is real mean for a passenger to kiss the back of his hand with a loud, resounding smack. When daylight is reached it causes the other passengers to eye each other with painful earnestness and dire suspicion.
"FATHER," said a bright lad, "I think I'll become a minister when I grow up."
"What puts that idea in your head, my boy?" asked the astonished parent.
"Because, dad, I notice that men always kills a chicken whenever the minister comes here."

PAIN-EXPELLERS

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 18 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them for the cure of LIVER and KIDNEY diseases. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 35c. in stamps. Circulars free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use) will instantaneously relieve these terrible ailments, and will positively cure who cannot get of cure. Information that will save many lives and free for small. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES DYSENTRY, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hemorrhoids, Burning Croup, Whooping Cough, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Stomachic, and Diseases of the Spine. Sold everywhere. Circulars free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horrors and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless, that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and verily valuable. Nothing on Earth will make horses any like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Therefore, those who wish to save part of their gold, it is well to acquire pure and pure.


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20 Million Bottles sold in 10 years. A certain Cure for
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Can Produce Thousands of Letters proving its Curative Powers.
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Cornease. --The King of Corn Killers. The most desperate
Corns, Bunions, Warts &c., SPEEDILY cured. Price 25 Cents.

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A STORY

IN

Four Chapters,

BY

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HEATH**

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<p>Our success the past year in entering to the wants of the public, in Concord, and surrounding towns, has encouraged us to put forth still greater efforts to give our patrons the best goods at the lowest possible prices.</p> <p>We are daily placing in our show-rooms the newest and choicest styles of Chamber and Parlor Furniture, and will guarantee our styles, prices, and quality of workmanship, not to be beaten by any house in this section of New England.</p>	<p>To obtain the latest results in the furnishing of Drawing Rooms, Parlors, and Chambers, our taste and charming effect of Drapery, more or less elaborate, as the other furnishing warrant.</p> <p>Last season we fitted up a drapery department in the rear of the main show-room, and our sales encouraged us to enlarge it at the beginning of the present season, so that now we can show a large and varied assortment. Turcoman, Roman, Rarvic, and Jute Croisettes for heavy draperies, and Nottingham, French</p>

CHAPTER III.

UPHOLSTERY AND PARLOR FURNITURE.

We would respectfully invite all who need Parlor Suites, Easy Chairs, Lounges, or any stuffed furniture, to examine our stock.

We buy for ourselves that the assortment of these goods now being placed in our doors for the Fall and Winter trade of 1883 & 4, is as good, even though not quite so extensive, as can be found north of Boston.

Mr. Cunningham, the gentleman at the head of our upholstery department, from Geldowsky's establishment, Cambridge, than whose work none better is produced in New England.

With our present efficient force of upholsters we are able to furnish, at short notice, all grades of goods, either the cheapest Parlor Set for the humble cottage, or the finest Turkish Divans and Easy Chairs for

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In our bedding department may be found a full line of Feather Beds, Mattresses, Comforters, Pillows, Feathers, Hair, Spring Beds and Wire Mattresses. Our Mattresses are made at various prices, an Excelsior and Hair, with or without cotton, wool, and hair tops, and from various grades of hair. They are made in our own work-rooms, under our immediate supervision, and we can and will guarantee them all, especially Hair Mattresses to be exactly as represented. Our Comforters are made especially for our trade, and our Feathers are the best that can be bought. We can furnish Spring Beds of any kind and price. A good Bed is necessary to the complete happiness of the present generation. Call and get on

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Are you distressed at a sick and broken
of your rest by a child, child suffer-
ing and crying with pain of cut-
ting teeth? If so, send at once, and
get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-
ing Syrup for Children's Teething.
This remedy is unequalled. It will re-
lieve the poor little sufferer im-
mediately. Depend upon it mothers,
there is no mistake about it. It cures
dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the
stomach and bowels, cures colic, col-
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and gives tone and energy to the
whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-
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known to the taste, and is the pre-
ferred of one of the oldest and
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best female Physician in the world.
The United States is the world,
all druggists throughout the coun-
try. Price 25 cents a bottle. Jessey

A cubic is two feet.

Phonographic Lessons by Mail. C.
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An omer was 6 pints.

Parties who have pictures to be
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No Cure, No Pay! Jessey
Cough Balsam, when used in the
place of all others. See ad-
vertising columns.

A tub of butter weighs 84 pounds.

Notwithstanding the dull season
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ter holidays' Coburn & Kestor in
their new building, Manchester, is doing
braving trade, owing to the large and
various for low prices offered by
store. Jessey

Bran, 35 pounder bushel.

ELECTRICITY.—Of all the new
Electro-Galvanic Appliances at
present day it is now conceived by
Medical Fraternity and Electrical
Generals, that the American Galva-
nic Co's Howard Shields are the be-
st possessing intrinsic Electrical qual-
ities as one shield or appliance can be fit-
ted to any part of the body, which is
the case of any other. See advertisement
another column of this paper.—Elec-
tric Gazette. Jessey

Washington Territory was organ-
ized in 1853.

have the work done at Colburn's book-store in Museum building, Manchester, and that it will be perfectly satisfactory as to quality and price. Mr. Colburn keeps a large stock of frames and framing material, and employs experienced workmen. J. W. Farnham

A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.

President John Taylor, the official head of the Mormon Church, is preparing an elaborate statement of the political and social attitude of the Latter-day Saints, for the January number of the North American Review. aplt

A $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of shagel gold was \$9.07.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

THE VOLTAIC BELL CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dyck's celebrated electric-Voltaic Bells and Electric Ap-

pillons on trial thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with enlarged livers, liver troubles, gall-bladder troubles, gall-stones, jaundice, and troubles of the digestive system, and for the complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above—A. B.—No risk, no cure, as thirty days' trial is allowed. JesaitJan23

A farthing was 3 cents.

Peruvian Syrup cures dyspepsia, general debility, liver complaint, bilis, tumors, chronic diarrhoea, nervous affections, female complaints, and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood. JesaitJan19

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1846.

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Buy Your Dickens, Elfin, Thackeray, and the productions of other famous authors at the reliable bookstore of E. R. Coburn & Co., 740 Elm. They have a large stock of books at the lowest prices in the city. jeattSept15

Timothy seed, 55 pounds per bushel.

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The great collection of the most thrilling and sensational adventures on both sides during the Civil War. Intensely interesting accounts of exploits of scouts and spies, forerunners of the modern detective, of the exploits of the desperadoes, romantic incidents hand-to-hand fighting, and the most sensational and sensational of the war, bold dashes, brilliant successes and failures, and the most sensational of the war. **PROFESSOR ILLUSTRATED**

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The greatest trial of a young wife's life is the birth of a child, which is usually attended with many hours of hard labor and in

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A barrel of pork weighs 240 pounds.

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